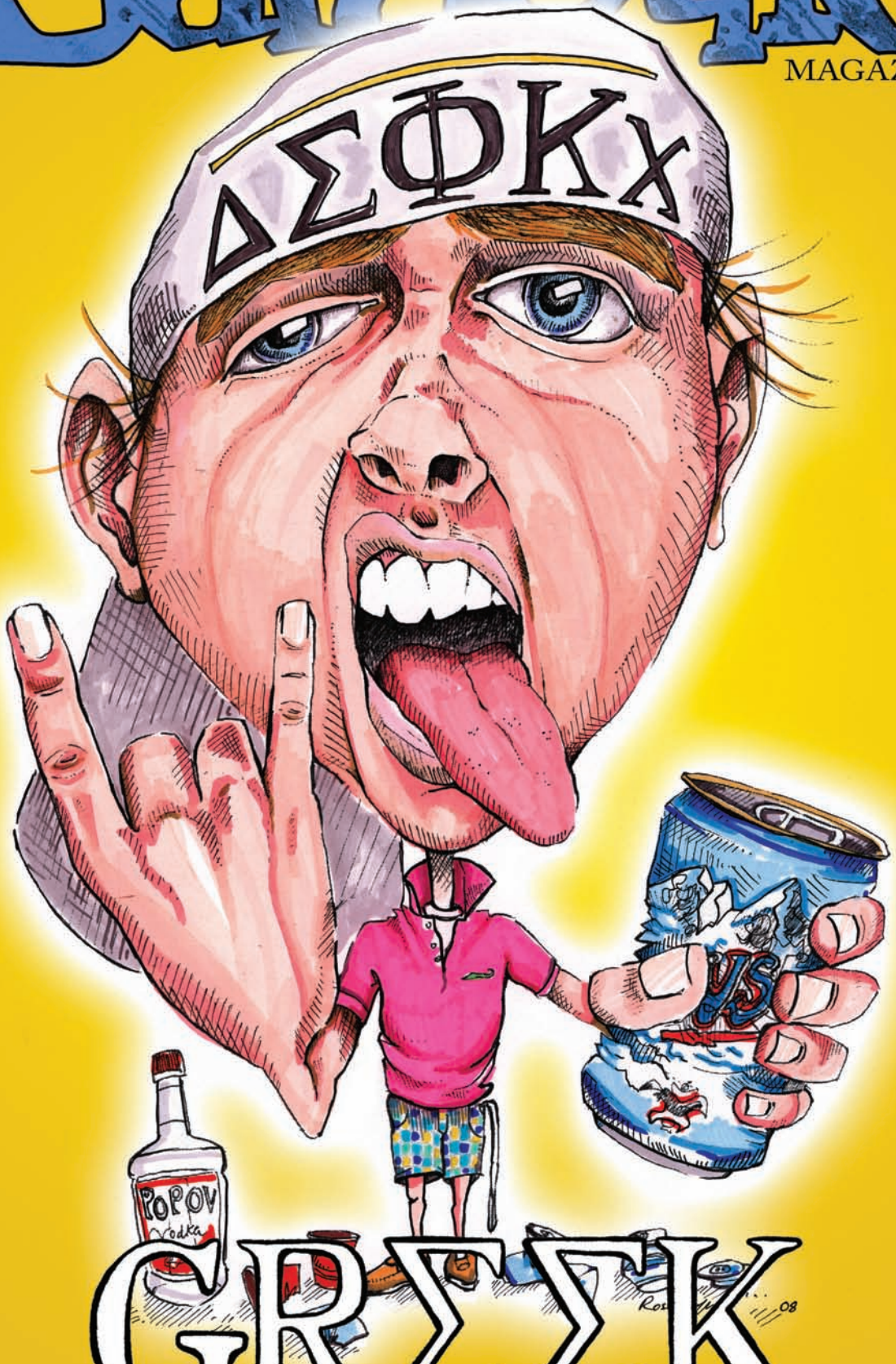
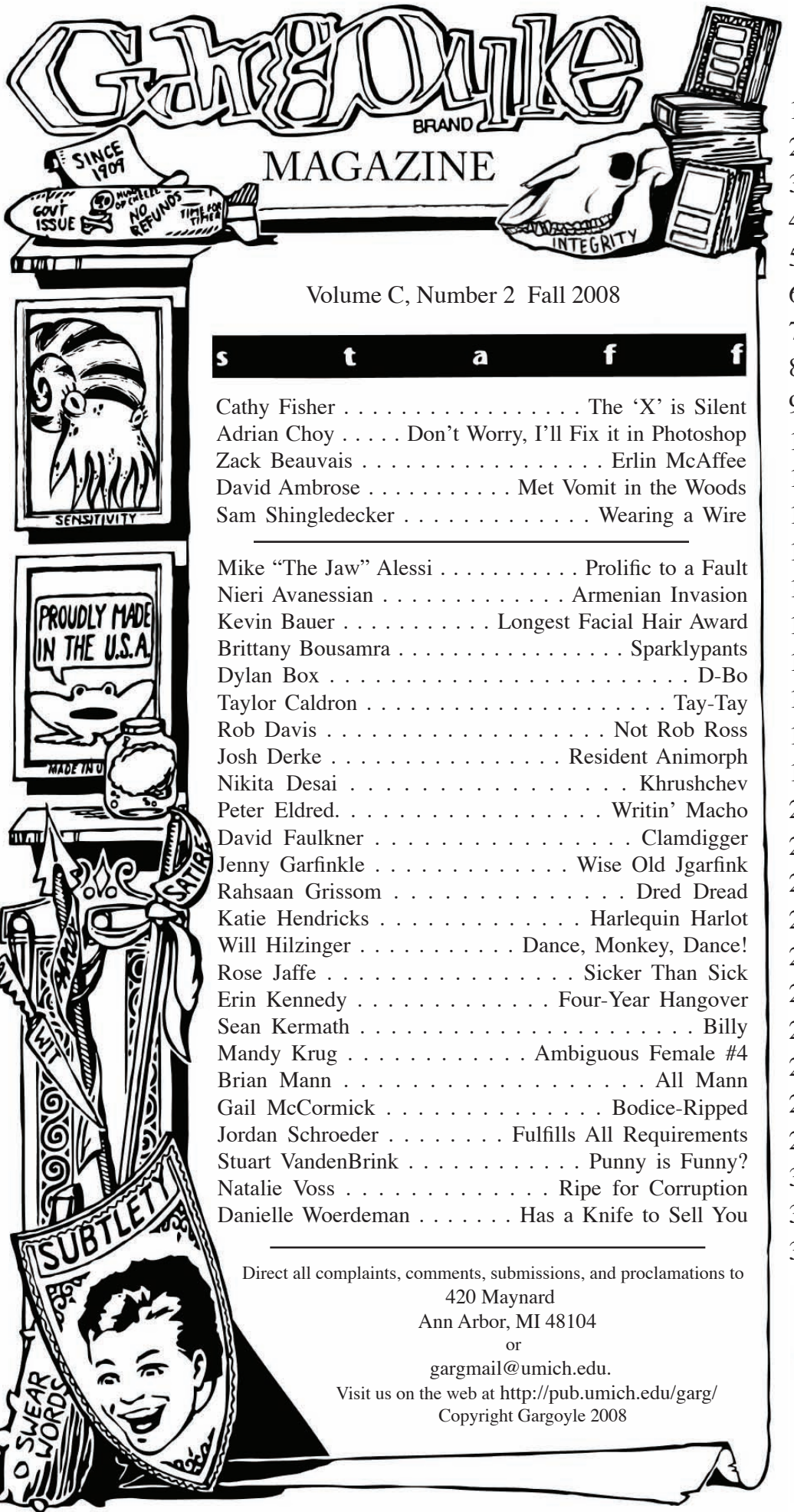
GarGoyle

MAGAZINE



GREEK

It's great to be white.

Vol. C No. 2 Fall 2008

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Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, and proclamations to
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu.
Visit us on the web at http://pub.umich.edu/garg/
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SANDPAPER

PHILOSOPHY

By
Cathy

I'm going to be completely honest with you; this issue sickens me. It's fantastic. I'm so happy that once again we managed to find a crop of new staffers with just the right degree of mental instability and disregard for common decency. Still, many are still fresh-faced and innocent—wide-eyed virgins ready to be violated by the phallus of our current socio-economic climate. I feel it's my duty as a 20-year Michigan student to impart as much wisdom to them as possible.

The problem as I see it seems to be that I don't really have much wisdom on hand these days. Just last Tuesday a man in hospital scrubs sitting next to me on the Commuter North turned to me and asked, "What do you do when your mother is cheating on you with your turtle?" And can you believe it? I had no idea what to say.

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I have decided that I want to take a class called "Inflatable Clothing and You." It has not yet been created, but I am confident that this is the kind of key education the university can provide me. If it does not, I will have to settle for "Haircuts: From Ghengis Khan to Leonard Nimoy."

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In all seriousness, this is a really strong issue. Its diverse contents range from Harlequin romance to practical advice for fights to cartoons about Tamagotchis, and of course a Tale from the Hoist Bar.

It took a little while to get those wonderfully vulgar and socially inept new staffers to get over their shyness and submit something, but after a couple weeks of ritualistic hazing and team-building exercises, the creative juices started to flow. It's amazing what an ass paddle and some trust-falls will do to an engineering major. Science, of course, tells us that allowing an engineer to express himself lowers the chance he'll go on a killing rampage by a factor of six (i.e. down to only 32%), so we're really doing a public service here on a number of levels.

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The Gargoyle has always had problems selling itself. The past few months of molasses-slow ad sales haven't been much of a surprise, but they're always a little disheartening. Under our ruggedly handsome exteriors and confident, charge-taking gaits, we are all terribly insecure people. On the bright side, the lack of ads makes more room for quality Gargcontent. I hope you appreciate the fact that all that extra entertainment comes at the cost of our dignity.

I gotta tell you, though, that if you want to buy an ad (say, because you're an exhibitionist and you want 5,000 people to see a picture of your genitals), our prices are very reasonable. Don't worry about censorship, either. We like pictures of genitals. They make us uncomfortable and giggly.

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Recently we have also been trying to arrange an interview with popular Ann Arbor-based band, Mason Proper. We can only hope that it won't go the way of our much-anticipated theoretical interview with the guy who raises and sells tumbleweed. If everything goes as planned, it will be TIGHT.

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In conclusion, as Ralph Waldo Emerson once famously said, "Et tu, Brute," which translates roughly as, "Don't use electronics in the bath." I can't say it any clearer than that, folks.

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the Interwebnet at:
http://pub.umich.edu/garg/

In our previous issue we apologized for failing to publish a letter from our most dedicated letter-writer, Amanda. Here is that letter and a newer one she sent us a few weeks ago.
-Ed.

Dear Gargoyle,

I don't know who this person down below was supposed to be, but now her name is Tiffany and she is proud of who she is. Anywho…y'all put a little note in your reader section requesting letters, so here you go. I wrote before, I think I disturbed you a little. But that's okay. I actually prefer the Che Dolphin to Tiffany 'cause these words are hard to work around.

The other day I decided to quit college and become a tattoo artiste, so I can be a BAMF. Can't really draw though. That could be an obstacle. Also, here is a word to the wise: do NOT request a sudden haircut from chicks in a dormitory…you will leave with no hair and I will have to sweep it up.

So, today I saw four cats, all with huge bodies and tiny heads. It was pretty horrifying, 'cause one of them had dinosaur eyes and some vampire fangs. I'm afraid it followed me home or something. I rather enjoyed the interview with Dr. Victoria ~~Drock~~ ~~Zrodk~~ Zdrok. Although I have to disagree with the advice she gave to give an intense stare. Whenever I get that stare from someone, I assume they want to steal my soul and I get the hell out of there.

But anyway, fun times. Nice work. :)
-Amanda

Dear Gargoyle,

I recently had the pleasure of meeting your director and running into (at the same time) David Faulkner, with whom I have spent an ungodly amount of time before. I realized that the staff of the Gargoyle magazine is just as vulgar and utterly disturbing as the magazine itself. Needless to say, I was quite overjoyed.

P. S. More of the adventures of Jeremy's couch! I want to know what kind of wacky fun will happen next!

Shameless plug: Students for the Appreciation of Body Modifi-fuckin'-cation (there is a Facebook group and we are on Maize Pages!)

-Amanda

Dear Gargoyle,

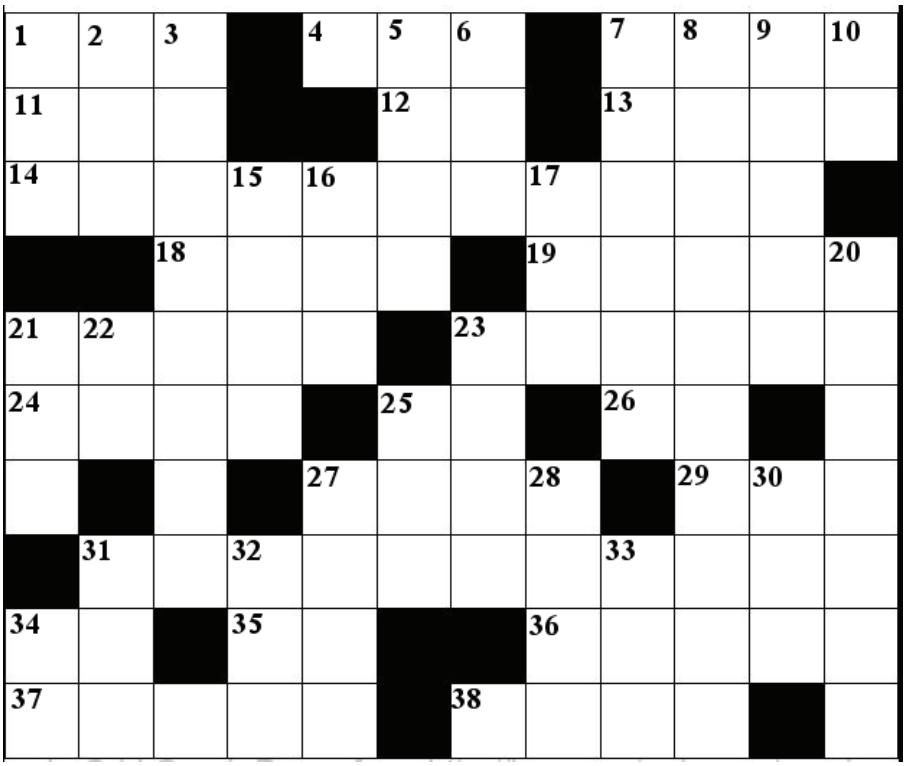
I regret to inform you that I am discontinuing my subscription to your magazine. Your product has been most unsatisfactory. Delivery is always late, the magazine itself is entirely too short, and I'm always left wanting more. Additionally, my relationships have suffered. I now spend all my time reading the Gargoyle, talking about the Gargoyle, dreaming that I write for the Gargoyle and have neglected to interact with the outside world for quite some time. I haven't seen the light of day in over a month, my food supply is wearing thin, and my medication is running low. Frankly, I'm pissed. When I called your office to speak with the editor, she wouldn't take my call and her secretary promptly suggested that I voice my concerns in the form of a letter. I trust that you will take my concerns into consideration in future issues. Note that I am still pissed.

Love,
Angry in Ann Arbor

Dear Angry and Amanda,

Thank you for these 100% REAL letters. This is probably the first issue of the Gargoyle in the past decade to contain not a single letter written by a member of the staff. We thank you for your words of praise and condemnation. They're all well-deserved. We're sorry.

Hearts,
The Garg



Across

1. Game winner
4. Nad
7. Germanic river valley
11. Swing that gospel ____
12. Have you seen the Gargoyle web page?
13. Babylonian god
14. The Hurdy Gurdy man sings these
18. History test answers
19. _____ Gay
21. Tsar's proclamation
23. 21 across, in generality
24. It can fly
25. "Electronic opponent"
26. Babylonian water deity
27. Popular Ypsilanti night spot
29. Makes you go green
31. ____ doesn't have sex with men because he is gay. He just ran out of women to sleep with.
34. ____ what?
35. Alien gossip show
36. Gangsta-style menthols for the hiphop nation
37. Cool dwelling
38. Your favorite color

Down

1. English fliers
2. ___-skeleton
3. Favored game of frat. Houses
5. Duck species
6. Mountain pass
7. Used to connect with the dead
8. Extremely vigorous Pokemon
9. Swedish vulgarity
10. Egyptian god
15. Ukrainian Wall Street
16. _____ in your bandolier?
17. Christian university in Cleveland, TN
20. Trendy exclamation
21. Precision instrument
22. Necessary to fly
23. God in Milwaukee
25. "Take On Me" group
27. I am _____ toad collecting.
28. Technicolor yawn
30. Regulatory limit
31. Friendly family pet that kills mice
32. A chosen one
33. Lemurs go ____
38. O.K., sure.

t	j	r	a	o	n	n	o	o	a	a	a
a	u	a	n	e	f	o	n	n	o	g	n
e	g	p	t	e	n	c	i	u	f	n	e
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l	a	s	g	e	k	r	m	m	n	v	f
a	s	e	m	n	e	n	r	g	o	e	n
b	f	e	u	h	i	a	a	m	l	e	a
n	n	d	s	d	g	l	n	l	n	r	f
t	o	b	o	l	u	i	a	f	u	h	e
p	u	n	v	g	v	t	o	n	o	t	g
s	g	e	b	a	i	y	n	w	a	r	b
g	a	r	g	o	y	l	e	a	n	i	p

Word Search!

fellatio
podunk
threeve
subsherrif
omnidong
gulag
nemertina
nocturnality
omnivag
uumraglve
ward
ruta
analingus
no
raphus
gargoyle

Check out our website for answers to the crossword puzzle! http://www.pub.umich.edu/garg/!

A Simple Misunderstanding

By Peter Eldred

Evan Gardner looked down at the dead man lying on his living room floor, confused. Something about the situation simply didn't add up. Twenty minutes prior, Evan had returned home after a round of golf, exhausted. To his surprise, the apartment door had been unlocked, though he knew that he'd bolted it on his way out. Even more shocking was the middle aged man on the living room couch, wearing only his boxers, masturbating furiously to what appeared to be reruns of *Sailor Moon*.

Luckily, having just played 18 holes, Evan was prepared for the intruder. He reached into his bag and procured a club, slipping stealthily into the living room. This was no difficult task, as the would-be burglar was panting heavily and had his eyes tightly shut, face frozen in creepy-anime-child-porn-jack-off ecstasy. It took just three hits with the golf club to subdue the perverted chicken-choker. Then three more to knock him to the ground, unconscious. Then another three to expose the slimy gray matter of his head to the glow of the television set. And then another three for good measure. Beating a man to death with a steel rod is one of the rarer pleasures in life.

At that very moment, a dog began to bark. Out of the kitchen came some type of terrier mix wearing a patch over one eye and a foppish black hat upon its tiny dog head. It trotted to the front of the couch, wading through the blood and the jizzum, and jumped against Evan's leg attempting to lick his hand. Evan panicked. He brought the club down upon the dog, bashing its miniature skull for what seemed like hours, though he knew it couldn't have been any longer than fifteen minutes. Beating a dog to death with a steel rod is one of the less rare, but equally satisfying, pleasures in life.

Now he stood over the carnage, thinking.

Why was a burglar masturbating in my living room? Did he bring his own taped Sailor Moon *episodes? His dog was here too. What kind of sick fuck did I just kill?*

Something else was bothering Evan, as well, though. Something that was even stranger than a pewter-polishing trespasser and his top hat-wearing terrier.

Why did he rearrange my apartment with things that aren't mine? Where did all of my shit go?

He strode over to the kitchen table, flipping through the mail it seemed the masturbating man had brought with him. It was all addressed to Apartment 37 at 5467 Holmes Road.

Strange, this isn't the burglar's mail at all. This belongs to my neighbor! I'd better return this to Mr. Fenimore straight away. He's probably missing his subscription to the Sailor Moon *fan club.*

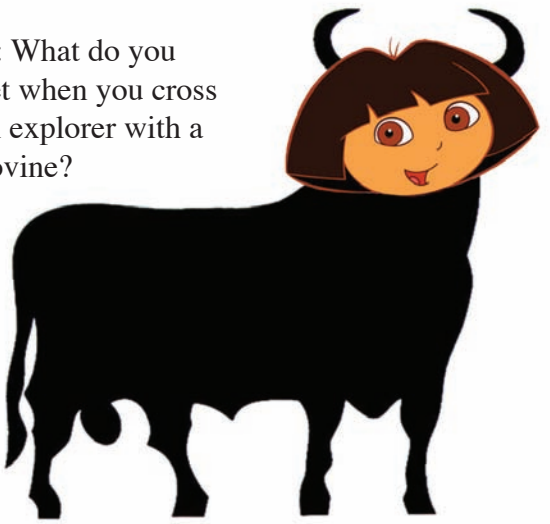
Evan left the apartment, turning in the hallway to close the door behind him. That was when he noticed, for the first time, the 37 nailed to the top of the door above the peephole.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said to himself, realizing his mistake.

The Pun Page

If humanity has uncovered one fundamental truth in its confused and tragic existence, it is that every-one loves puns. They're fucking hilarious. The Gargoyle's certified Pun Specialist, Stu VandenBrink, has compiled this collection of puns for your personal enrichment and betterment as a human being.

Q: What do you get when you cross an explorer with a bovine?



A: Something a-Dora-bull!

Q: What do you call it when a janitor who works for the army gets a promotion?
A: A sweeping generalization!

INDISPENSABLE!

Q: What did the penis say to the vagina?
A: Penis to meet you!

Ginger Snaps

A paper belt is a waist of paper!

Q: What do you get when you cross an owl and a babysitter?
A: A hootenanny!

Q: What's a ghost's favorite flavor of ice cream?
A: Cherry Garcia!

Do you enjoy telling strangers your entire life story and looking desperately for acceptance?
How about reading small paragraphs and trying to decide if they are the description of your future spouse?
Are you a whore looking to spread some love around indiscriminately?
Then the Gargoyle Personal Ads are for you! Interested? Read on.

Jude Simmons
I'm really just a laid-back guy, ya know? I'm into totally awesome stuff like The Grateful Dead and Ham 'n' Cheese Hot Pockets. I've been at the university for a while, just finding myself and learning how to focus my psychic energy centers. I smoke a few times a day, but I'm not like a pothead or whatever. Well, if you like lazy Saturday mornings, or even lazier Monday mornings, and you don't mind helping out with the bills, then I might just be the dude you are searching for.

Mystee Wexler
I'm probably the most fun chick you'll ever meet. I love barhopping, dancing, and MTV's Spring Break, and I'm waaay open to new ideas and drunken experiences. For the record, I am NOT a slut. What's so wrong with sleeping with different guys here and there? That's what college is about—am I right? Just you wait, you enter a party with me by your side, and everyone there will be pumped! I'm really just a good person. I'm all about making people happy. Maybe you're next. CALL ME!!! *wink wink*

Johnny Davis
Shit man, I love sports, I bleed maize, and I can out-drink any piece of shit you know! Me and the guys live for Friday nights, Saturday football games, and weeknight partying! You can always find us at our frat blasting ACDC or fuckin' Led Zeppelin and just rockin' out. If you are looking for fuckin' crazy time, I'm the one to call. I love getting my girl prettied up and then liquored up (it could be you)! GO BLUE!!!!!

Raven Hightower
In a freakish display of optimism, I decided to place an ad here, but it really is just to illustrate the pointlessness of existence and human relationships. If I was to meet someone, they'd have to understand and accept the darkness within my soul, and enjoy walking through cemeteries in the blankness of night. I know no one could ever really understand me, but if you read my blog and realize the depths of human weakness, maybe we should get together for a group cutting session.

Alva Skjöldebrand
Hello Americans! I am from Sweden, and a study abroad student here at your wonderous university. I am looking to meet new people and learn about American society and traditions. If you wish to hear all about my home country and how we Swedes "get down and dirty," just give me a ring. As you may have guessed, I love ABBA and Ace of Base as well as shopping at IKEA. I look forward most positively to meeting you!

Ebeneezer Jones
Back in the day, I was quite the hot stud. Now, as an older student, I think it's time to throw myself back into the courting world. You should call me, if for no other reason than my dated stories and access to pain pills. I know if you give me a chance, I can still show you a good time. I even got a thing of Viagra! Besides studying for my midterms, I like driving my Buick at a safe speed, all-you-can eat buffets, and sandals with socks. Give me a call on my new-fangled portable phone!

Laurie Wilson
High school was a great experience for me, but everyone at the university just seems so nice. I'm doing my darndest to make good friends and keep up with classes and also find time for choir practice. I really enjoy going out for lemonade and scrapbooking, but I also like to get crazy with a bunch of buddies watching *I Love Lucy* reruns all night. I love getting involved with what's going on around campus and making others feel included. If you love smiles and long walks as much as I do (you can try, hahahaha), give me a call!!

Hrishikesh Chandramouleeswaran
First off, just because I'm Indian doesn't mean I'm not cool. Quite the opposite, ladies! I may have a long, unpronounceable name, and naturally excel in all my courses, but I'm also a badass who really knows how to show a girl a good time. Maybe you can stop by the Indian Dance Studio and check out my moves sometime. Straight out of Bollywood, suckas! Besides engineering, science, math, and medicine, I'm really into PC gaming and white chicks. Call me up, ladies, you won't be disappointed (at least not until my arranged marriage comes through).

Conner Larkin
I'm a sensitive guy, a poet in my own right. You'll usually find me writing down my feelings while listening to Bright Eyes, or on the phone with my mother, who is an upstanding woman. What I'm really looking for in someone is direction, understanding, and protection (kind of like what my mother offers, now that I think of it). If you really enjoy expressing yourself emotionally, or discussing your favorite Jane Austen novel, just give me a jingle.

To obtain the contact information for these eligible bachelors and bachelorettes, call the Gargoyle at (734) 763-0303 and ask for "Claudius."

Ten Ways to Be A Total Asshole

By Peter Eldred and Sean Kermath

1 **Pull Fire Alarms** I don't mean the average, pussy false fire alarm here, either. Don't just send your dorm-mates out into the cold or a building full of classes into the parking lot. Be a real douchefuck when you set those sirens blaring. Weddings are a good start. Hospitals are even better. Bonus points if it kills somebody. Remember, the point here is to be the biggest waste of semen your father ever expelled. That's saying a lot, too. The man used to beat it like an elderly chimpanzee.

2 **Demand Source Citations in Casual Conversation** No matter how trivial, ask to see the source. Steadfastly refuse to admit that Wikipedia is reliable. If a source is provided, claim it isn't valid, as it isn't in the correct format. If provided in both MLA and APA format, kick your friend in the shin and run. You don't want friends that cite sources in casual conversation, anyway.

3 **Keep People Guessing** This isn't a lame call to be spontaneous and unpredictable. It's more literal than that. Start every conversation with "Guess what?" Then don't continue on until they do. The answer, by the way, is always, "I just found a marvelous deal on trout down at the fish market and I hate you."

4 **Hold Doors Shut** You know that feeling you get when you hold open the door for a stranger? This is at least fifteen times better. The key is to make it seem as though you're holding the door for them as they approach, only to hastily retreat to the inside, pulling the door shut behind you. Keep the door held tightly shut. If possible, barricade it. Throughout the ordeal you should be making confused faces, as though you don't know why the door won't open.

5 **Ridicule People Using Public Restrooms** Few things are more embarrassing than needing to take a massive shit in a public restroom. Don't ever let anybody forget that. Laugh loudly after their every passionate expulsion of gas. Attempt to open the stall door. Failing that, piss through the slot by the poor guy's feet. Never allow yourself to be seen. It'll be like a bad M. Night Shyamalan movie. Or any M. Night Shyamalan movie, rather. Just remember to include a final twist. Leave a pile of shit by the entrance for him to step in on his way out, perhaps.

6 **Extreme Parking Space Theft** Merely stealing a one parking space isn't enough. Follow other drivers around a parking lot, cutting them off at every space they attempt to use. The emptier the parking lot the better. Time yourself. Keep track of your high score, proudly referring to it in conversations with your family. Remember though, the most critical thing to remember is that once one of your victims finally does make it into a spot, you'll need to honk repeatedly and make a variety of rude hand gestures as though it were them and not you who's being the dick. After this, make a show of leaving the parking lot without using it. This is both for comedic effect and as a safety precaution.

7 **Shake Babies** I think this one speaks for itself.

8 **Adopt an Orphan** I know what you're thinking. Isn't this a good thing? Here's the catch: You make him fight other orphans. There's a whole orphan fighting circuit. It's both darkly fascinating and delightfully brutal. In fact, on the brutality scale, it's somewhere between dog fighting and the Holocaust. We eat the loser after it's all over. Orphan meat is a little gamey, but you get used to it. Don't worry about finding us. Get yourself an orphan. We'll find you.

9 **Splash Holy Water on Atheists** Splash a little on them and BLAM! They bubble over like a science fair volcano. They're going to burn in Hell; just make them burn a little sooner. If God hates them, you should too. This works with agnostics as well, although it only leaves an otherworldly rash.

10 **Kill a Virgin** It doesn't even count as murder. Well, OK, yes it does. But it shouldn't. It's just a very late abortion. They aren't contributing to society. So why keep them around at all if not for our entertainment? I know what you're thinking: Slave labor. But when I speak of virgins I'm not referring to eight-year-old Chinese children. I mean a fifteen-, maybe sixteen-year-old gal that's ripe for an old-fashioned harvest season sacrifice to a giant serpent god. Few things bring a community together and ensure a bountiful yield like the stoning of a village's purest teenage girl. It has to be a WASP, or it doesn't count.

Dear Reader,

The Gargoyle is looking to spice things up and expand into new media. Here's a sneak peek of the very first semi-autobiographical seven-volume novel from Gargoyle Precipice Whispers, JEWEL OF HIS HEART, *featuring the brilliant new talents Rowena Courdeaux and Margarita Rodriguez de Malamante, who will also be submitting this as a joint masters thesis. Enjoy!*

Jewel of His Heart

They both knew it would happen eventually. Felt it in their bones—in their flesh.

It was fate.

Donovan had tried to resist, had feared his feelings for her. For so long he had kept his heart locked away as if in a hermetically sealed biohazard container. But since he had first laid eyes on her, he knew he was a doomed man, condemned to the harsh noose of love.

He had tried to move on with his life, forget her. Donovan certainly had had his fair share of feminine conquests, but he couldn't just use her like a tissue and throw her aside like all the other women. No, she was a handkerchief. Permanent. Reusable.

Were this any other woman, he would have preyed upon her like a crocodile feasting on decaying hippopotamus. But this was Cryssalina Dubois. She had fully infected him, a virus creeping into his soul. And there was no cure. The only way to assuage this malady was to claim her as his own.

Cryssalina turned from the mirror, resigning herself to returning to the soirée. In the quiet of the bathroom, she had time to contemplate her burgeoning attracting to the enigma that was Donovan Malone. He was everything she should avoid in a man—experienced, vagrant, hardened in body and soul. His imposing presence was like an artic glacier, capable of sinking her once-indestructible ship in a head-on collision she knew was coming. She knew she should turn aside, but at the thought of those tight muscles and lean hips, she couldn't bring herself to do so.

The thought of his low-slung jeans had so distracted her, she was unaware of his presence until she literally walked into the chiseled cinderblock that was his chest. She looked up to find herself staring into those penetratingly cobalt blue orbs.

He didn't say anything. He didn't need to. They were drawn together, like paper clips to a heavy-duty magnet. His internal metal-detector was beeping a symphony. Cryssalina's own heartbeat joined with the music as they approached an accelerando.

He reached out, manhandling the delicate lines of her shoulders. His hands were a blowtorch, leaving scalding marks on her alabaster skin, third degree burns of passion that would last an eternity. He pulled her close and yet, it wasn't close enough. He accepted the engraved invitation of those rhubarb lips without hesitation, like taking oatmeal cookies from Grandma.

It was better than Cryssalina had imagined. His tongue probed her mouth, dominating, invasive, like the unexpected but forceful touch of a gynecological exam. He had a sweet taste, like grape Kool-Aid. She became instantly aware of his masculine hardness down the length of her body, some parts harder than others. She welcomed it, leaned wantonly into the protective fallout shelter of his frame. His musk filled her senses as his abs rippled like the waters of the Ganges, his battleship ready to set sail.

This kiss deepened as they lost themselves in their oral mating. Unconscious of their actions, they began to rip off each other's clothing. A transforming werewolf couldn't have removed its shirt more quickly. Buttons fell to the floor unheeded as they parted with cloth. Her 18th-century period corset pooled at her feet as Donovan fumbled to open the door of a conveniently located nearby bedroom.

He bore down upon her as they fell together onto the massive four-poster waterbed. There were no words between them; each knew instinctively what caresses could bring the greatest pleasure, as if each other's owners manual was ingrained into their DNA. They moved together in undulating tandem, an intricate dance, a jitterbug they never had to learn. Theirs was the Bermuda triangle of sexual storms, all-consuming and inescapable.

Finally, excruciatingly, their bodies met in the ultimate union of man and woman. Donovan felt as never before. He had finally found the perfect fit. It was if he had spent his life searching for the missing piece to the jigsaw puzzle of his heart and body. He had almost given up hope, having tested thousands of pieces to no avail—they had only brought him fleeting satisfaction compared to the completeness that currently permeated his being. The completeness of Crysallina Dubois.

He was overpowering, at once too immense and yet the perfect lock-and-key substrate adhering to her enzyme, sending her senses screaming. Like a blind man absorbing braille, his caressing hands continued to explore her body, memorizing the lush lines of her bosom and dipping toward the dark hollow of her most secret area to plunder her welcoming softness. As his feather-like touch drifted over her quivering thighs, his long capable fingers left sticky trails, like the morning's syrup drizzled over pancakes.

Too quickly the moment of release came upon them, like a killer whale leaping from the ocean, only to crash back down in the sparkling spray of the sea. He came with her then, delaying his own satiation in order to study the overwhelming effect of his lovemaking upon her flushing face.

Contentment turned their limbs languorous as they collapsed on the now disheveled sheets of the waterbed. Cryssalina struggled against her own exhaustion, rising reluctantly from the comfortable cushion of Donovan's chest. Like breadcrumbs in a children's story, their clothing marked the trail of their passion. Smiling to herself, she retrieved his jeans from the floor, only to notice the edge of an official-looking document poking out of a pocket and, extracting it, perused its contents. And that's when she knew she could never be with Donovan Malone.

Anger coursing through her, Cryssalina marched to the bed and shook her lover awake. She looked away from his magnificent physique, summoning all her righteous indignation.

"You!" she spat, brandishing the piece of paper at him. "You were never interested in me. You were only getting close to me in order to make off with my family's infamous jewel collection and limited edition Wimbledon trading card set in order to fund your Trans-Siberian dog sledding expedition. It was the fame and glory you wanted, not me!"

Donovan cursed himself for being so careless with his pants. He couldn't bear the thought that he had caused her pain.

"Cryssalina," he began imploringly, "you have to believe me. That may have been how it started, but that was then—when I didn't know you, when I was but a fool."

Donovan rose from the bed and embraced her. Cryssalina's heart stuttered at his now familiar touch.

Donovan saw the doubt linger in her face and wiped away tears of his own. "Damn you woman. Can't you see that all I want is forever with you? Haven't I shown you that I want to wipe away the past? That my life is your Etch-A-Sketch, to shake away and draw something completely new. Do with it what you will. I don't care what it is as long as I'm with you."

He gripped her tighter as though he would never let go.

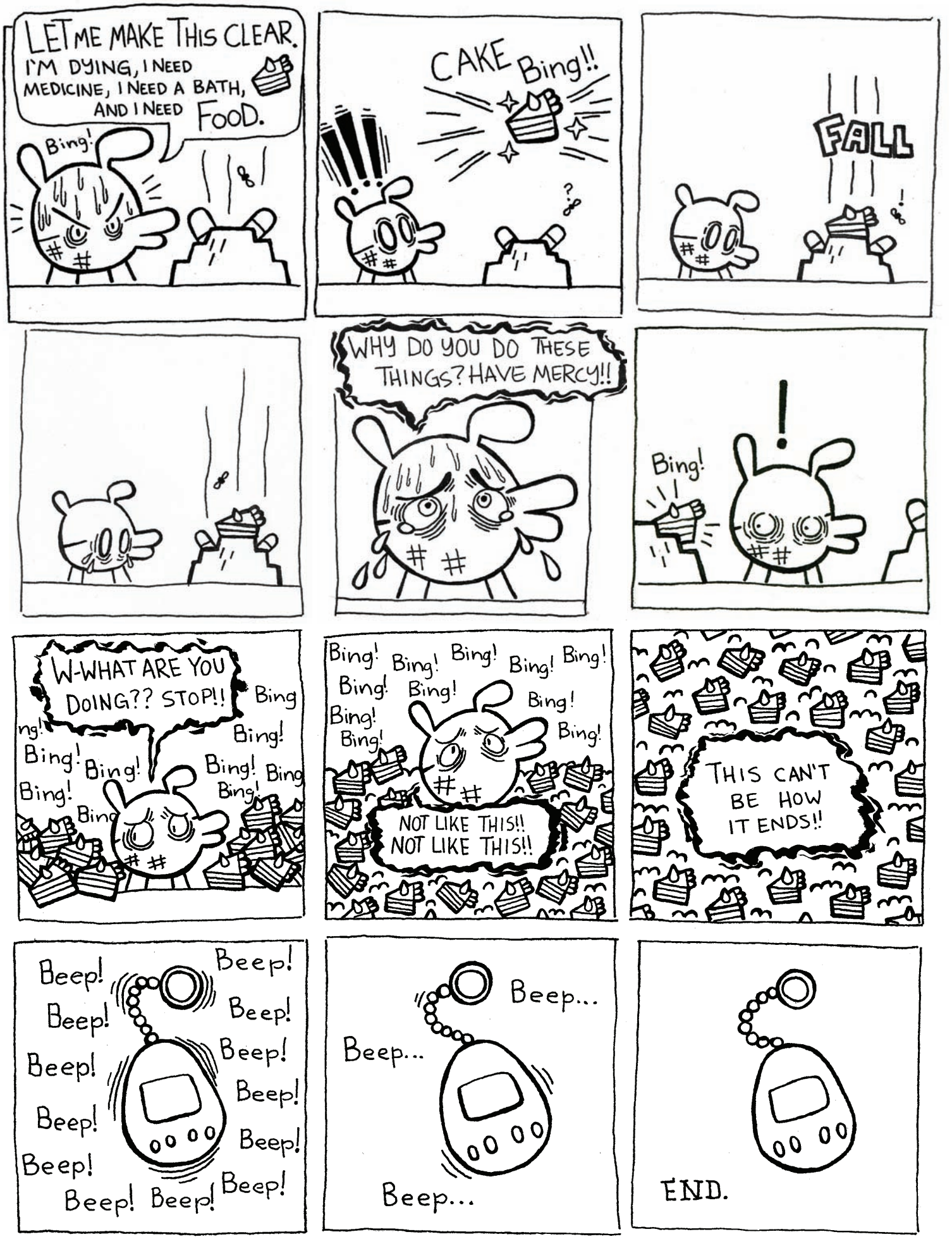
Cryssalina couldn't help but let his words sink in. She gazed searching into his face. It was true. This was meant to be.

"Oh Donovan, I knew from the moment I saw you that you were the only man for me. I would be honored to be your woman."

A sly smile was his only reply.

Matching his coyness with her own, she continued, "Besides, everyone knows sex is better when you're in love."

Digital Pet
BEEP.
Bing
THANK GOD YOU'RE BACK
THIS PLACE HAS GONE TO POT! I HAVEN'T HAD REAL FOOD IN DAYS, AND I'VE RESORTED TO EATING MY OWN FILTH.
BUT WHAT I REALLY NEED RIGHT NOW IS MY MEDICATION!
!
BING!
N-NO!! I CAN'T USE THAT! GET ME ANOTHER!!
Bing!
DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME.
GAME
Bing!
WHAT?? NO!!
GAME
I NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION! TAKE ME BACK!


LET ME MAKE THIS CLEAR. I'M DYING, I NEED MEDICINE, I NEED A BATH, AND I NEED FOOD.
Bing!
CAKE Bing!!
FALL
WHY DO YOU DO THESE THINGS? HAVE MERCY!!
Bing!
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? STOP!!
Bing
Bing!
NOT LIKE THIS!! NOT LIKE THIS!!
THIS CAN'T BE HOW IT ENDS!!
Beep!
Beep...
END.

Super-People By Kevin Bauer

Greg shifted his weight while he waited for the teller to return and checked his black plastic digital wristwatch: 5:03. More than enough time to cash his check before work.

"Next."

Greg took two steps forward before the wall to his far right exploded in a shower of plaster and steel. He fell to the ground with a cry.

A powerful silhouette with beach ball muscles stepped through the sandy fog of powdered brick. His silicon blue boots emerged first, shining darkly as they crushed white plaster with a crunch. His black spandex-clad legs followed, his calves built like dynamo generators, his thighs sculpted like nuclear warheads. The black spandex caught the light with an oily luster. His metallic blue gauntleted hands swung rhythmically like muscular grandfather clock pendulums. The continent that was his chest was emblazoned with riveted SS lightning bolts. The inevitable chiseled jaw, the smug leer upon an Aryan face with flowing blade-tipped blonde hair followed. The arrogant visage of Captain Reich moved through the cloud of debris.

"Everyone but ze tellers will stay down, and none shall be harmed," Captain Reich announced in a simpering Bavarian whine. "Empty ze safe and I will trouble you no more."

FWA-LOOSH!

A blast of winds rushed through the bank, sending the revolving doors pinwheeling.

A lone figure stood stoically between the bank patrons and the maniacal Nazi, his statuesque legs shoulder-width apart. His silver spandex suit glittered dazzlingly over a Herculean chest, a navy blue cape flapping gracefully from his shoulders. His face carried a timeless innocence under the navy blue eye mask and conservative black hair, yet those same eyes told tales of horrors faced in the name of justice. The icon smiled, his name not needing to be spoken to be understood:

Amazing-Man.

"Oh, Christ. It just figures I'd get caught in one of these," Greg muttered.

The sentinel of justice blockaded Captain Reich's path.

"Stand down, Captain Reich," Amazing-Man's voice echoed like the cry of an eagle over the Grand Canyon. "This is the last time you threaten innocent lives."

"Hey, could you guys hurry it up? I'm gonna be late for work," Greg interjected.

"Amazing-Man!" Captain Reich growled. "Again, you disrupt my plans to refinance ze Fourth Reich! For zees, I swear I will tear your skeleton from its fleshy bindings!"

KAPOW!

Captain Reich's punch sent Amazing-Man reeling. The Aryan continued his assault, his every step a set-up for another punch, a German tornado of fists.

BUDDA-BOOM! SHIKA-BOOM! SHIKA SHIKA BOOM BOOM! DOO-WOP!

Amazing-Man staggered back and lashed out with all the power he could muster. His fist blurred silver and navy, moving so quickly that no force in the world could stop it—

—except Captain Reich's palm.

BLOCK!

Captain Reich's fingers closed around Amazing-Man's knuckles, breaking bones like a handful of Fritos.

CAP'N CRUNCH!

Captain Reich yanked him in, simultaneously throwing his infamous "Blitzkrieg Punch," which left a trail of lightning in its wake and connected with the deafening crack of a sonic boom. The force of the blow blasted Amazing-Man across the room at breakneck speed—

—to end sharply on a spike of twisted metal.

SCHLOOP!

Captain Reich gasped.

Greg blinked.

The smell of ozone tingled in the air.

Amazing-Man coughed weakly. "Captain Reich, this time you've gone too far."

Captain Reich took a step forward, his lips trembling. "Mein Gott…I never meant to…I never imagined I could…we fought like zis all ze time and—"

"Nice going," Greg raised an eyebrow. "I bet you've been wanting to do that for a long time."

Captain Reich shakes his head, "It isn't like zat. I've just…I've…I've never done that before."

Amazing-Man coughed. "Holy cow, do you guys see this? It went right through my chest!"

Captain Reich bit his lip, looking around nervously. "He's, uh, he's going to pull through, right?"

Amazing-Man smiled. "You won't get away with this, my Nuremberg nemesis! My only weaknesses are Einsteinium and Mom's apple pie."

"Not sure that's entirely true," Greg remarked, watching the pool of blood on the floor expand.

"Oh, schieße, I hope he doesn't die," Captain Reich wrung his hands anxiously.

"Huh-huhkk," Amazing-Man added, red dribbling from his lips and from his chest. "Hey, where'd all those snakes come from?"

"Those are your intestines, sir," Greg said helpfully.

"Wow." Amazing-Man mulled this over. "Do you think they're invulnerable too?"

"Hey, do you mind if we call an ambulance?" A bank teller called out. "He doesn't look so hot."

"But it's my sweet sixteenth," Amazing-Man smiled weakly.

"So if this wasn't your plan, what was this bank heist supposed to entail?" Greg asked the German.

Captain Reich shrugged. "Well, he was supposed to lose ze fight—perhaps become immobilized or somezing. I would escape to my secret doom factory on ze moon where I would prepare ze Führer's Feuerschiessenkaputtmacher Beam to hold ze world for ransom. But even when I got ze money, I would still press ze button to start ze slow countdown to destruction."

The bank teller peered over the counter. "Uh, guys?"

Captain Reich held up a finger. "I'm not finished. But Amazing-Man breaks into my laboratory. After I win ze climatic battle, he outwits me and saves ze day. Zen I spend ze next month in prison until I realize I can walk zrough ze walls, ja?"

"Seriously, I don't think he's going to—"

"Fräulein, you're supposed to be cowering."

The bank teller slowly hunkered out of sight.

Greg raised an eyebrow. "And you never thought of just shooting him?"

"He's invulnerable, for Gott's sake!" Captain Reich exclaimed, throwing up his arms. "I mean, look at—"

Amazing-Man's head tilted to the side, his eyes glassy.

"Oh."

A whistling wind blew through the broken windows.

Greg shoved his hands into his pockets. "So what now?"

Captain Reich looked around. "Have you pushed ze silent alarm yet?"

The bank teller shook her head.

He nodded, considering.

"Fräulein, I would like to make a wizdrawal."

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LIEBERMAN

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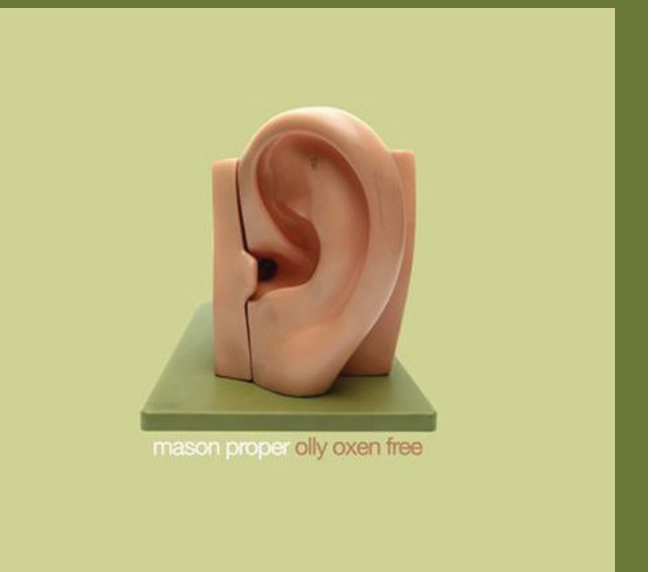

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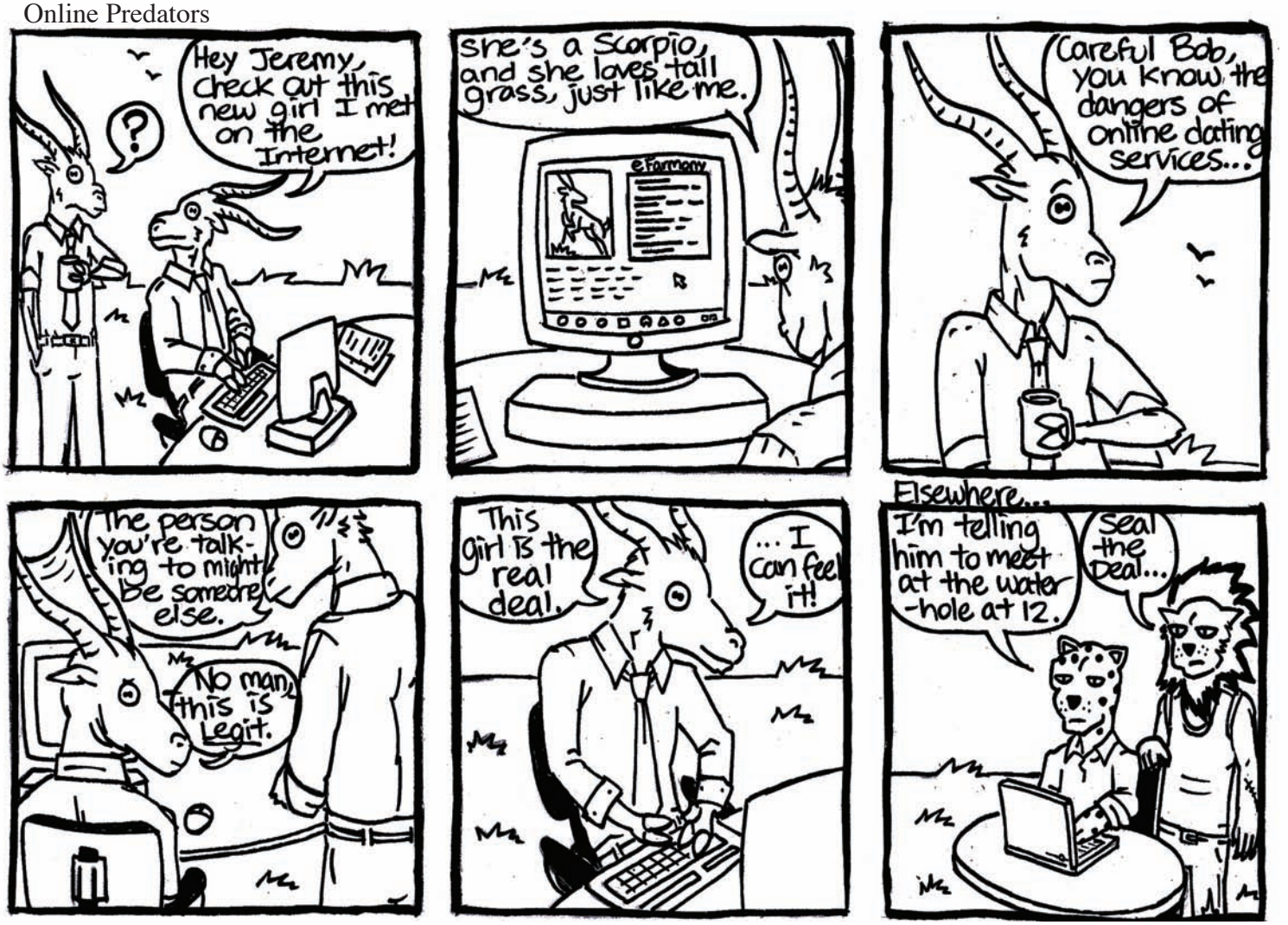
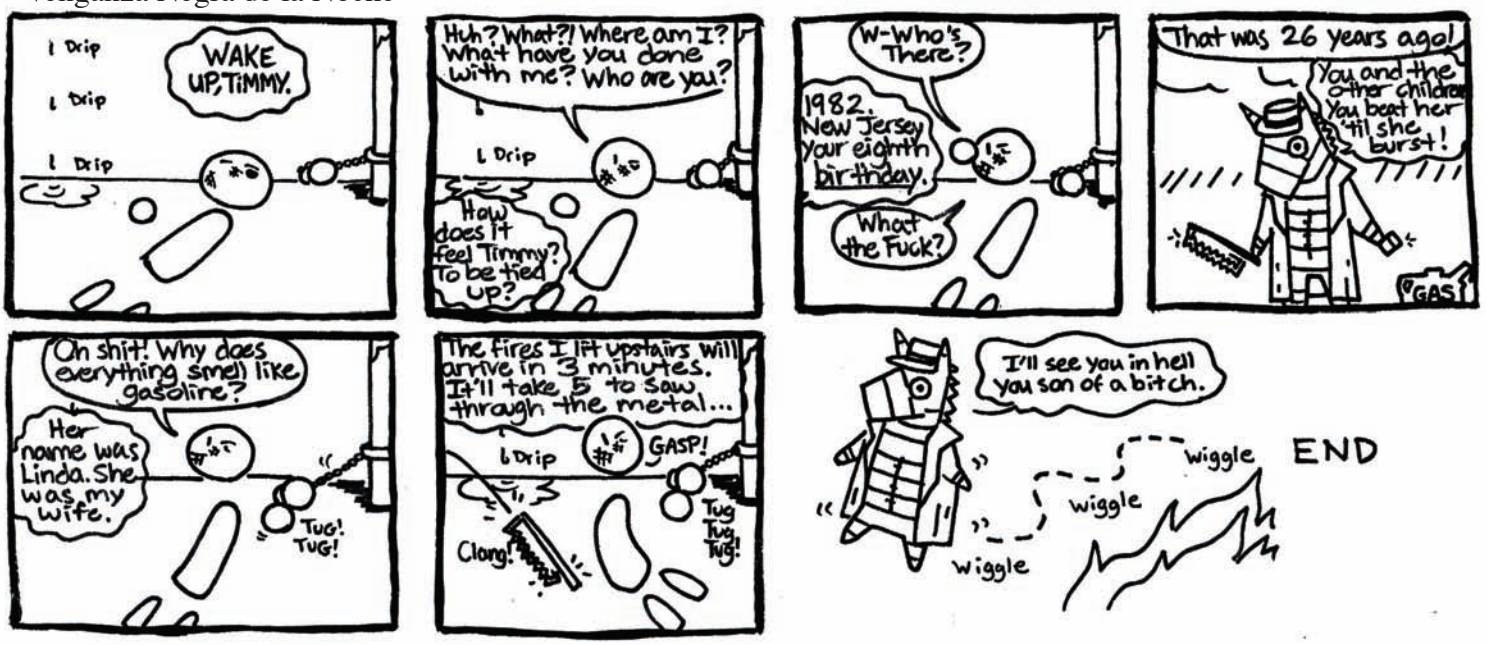
Fact: The Gargoyle is collectively by weight and enthusiasm the biggest Mason Proper fan.

It is with great pleasure that we present this tasty selection of picture stories from our very own Jake "The Jaw" Jensen. About the Author: The Jaw's jaw is perhaps the largest container in the universe. The entire world could fit inside it and we would all be safe forever.

Online Predators


Hey Jeremy, check out this new girl I met on the Internet!
?
she's a Scorpio, and she loves tall grass, just like me.
eFarmony
Careful Bob, you know the dangers of online dating services...
The person you're talking to might be someone else.
No man, this is Legit.
This girl is the real deal.
... I can feel it!
Elsewhere...
I'm telling him to meet at the water-hole at 12.
Seal the Deal...

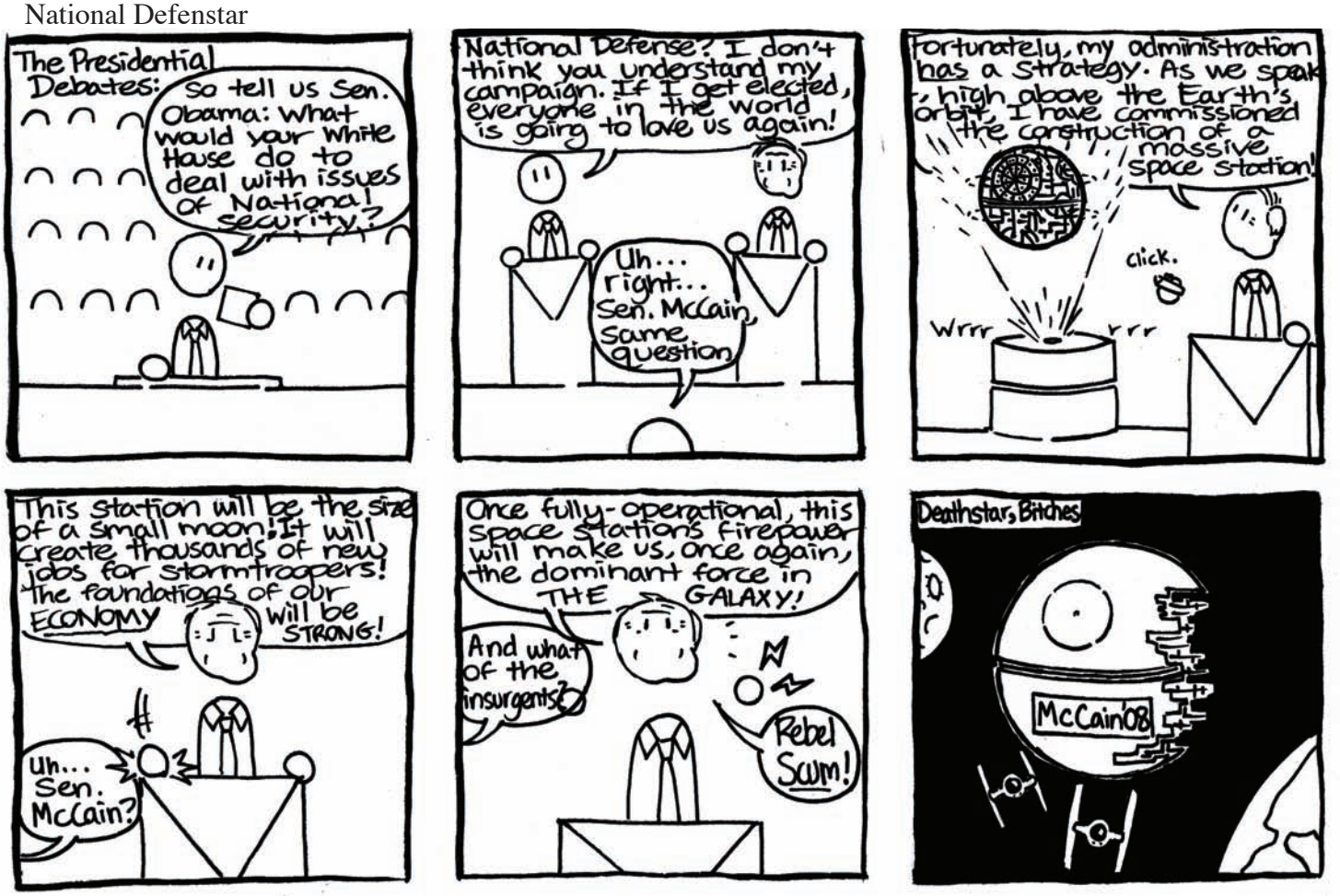
Venganza Negra de la Noche


1 Drip
1 Drip
1 Drip
WAKE UP, TIMMY.
Huh? What?! Where am I? What have you done with me? Who are you?
1 Drip
How does it feel Timmy? To be tied up?
W-Who's There?
1982. New Jersey your eighth birthday.
What the Fuck?
That was 26 years ago!
You and the other children You beat her 'til she burst!
GASP
Oh shit! Why does everything smell like gasoline?
Her name was Linda. She was my wife.
TUG! TUG!
The fires I lit upstairs will arrive in 3 minutes. It'll take 5 to saw through the metal...
1 Drip
GASP!
Clang!
Tug Tug Tug!
I'll see you in hell you son of a bitch.
wiggle
wiggle
wiggle
END

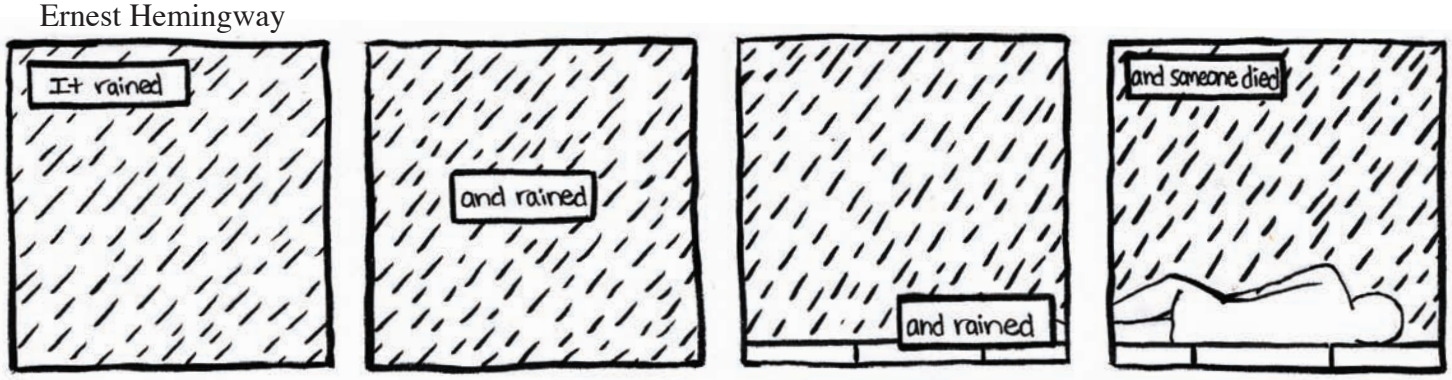
Meanwhile, On Televison

Hey man, you wanna get HIGH?
No thanks! I don't have to get high to have fun!
I JUST HAVE TO DRINK LOTS OF ALCOHOL!
ABOVE THE INFLUENCE:
BINGE-DRINKING
MY ANTI-DRUG

National Defenstar


The Presidential Debates:
So tell us Sen. Obama: What would your White House do to deal with issues of National security?
National Defense? I don't think you understand my campaign. If I get elected, everyone in the world is going to love us again!
Uh... right... Sen. McCain, same question
Fortunately, my administration has a strategy. As we speak, high above the Earth's orbit, I have commissioned the construction of a massive space station!
click.
Wrrr
rrr
This station will be the size of a small moon! It will create thousands of new jobs for stormtroopers! The foundations of our ECONOMY will be STRONG!
Uh... Sen. McCain?
Once fully-operational, this space station's firepower will make us, once again, the dominant force in THE GALAXY!
And what of the insurgents?
Rebel Scum!
Deathstar, Bitches
McCain'08

Ernest Hemingway



Confessions of a Dildo

6/20/08

Dear Diary,

The depth of my excitement is like that of an enormous, never-ending vagina. Why, you ask? Summer has started, school is out, and she'll finally have enough time to spend with me. We're so close. We're tight. Well, got to go, it looks like she's going to celebrate the first night of summer in rubbery style.

XOXO

-D-

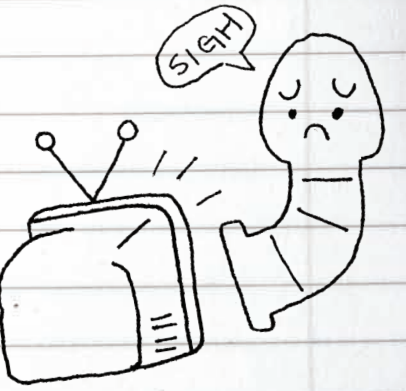
7/02/08

Dear Diary,

Freshman orientation is an asshole. And not the kind I'd be curious to explore, either. She's been gone for a day now, and I ache more than I can bear. But she'll be back soon, right? Right. And the make-up sex will be better than ever.

XOXO

-D-

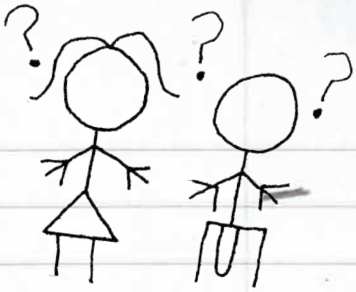


8/28/08

Dear Diary,

Why does she tempt me so? I had such high hopes for us when we moved in yesterday, but that fell faster than an old man's hard-on without Viagra. She's out partying at some frat again tonight. I thought she'd take me with her, like a girl's night out, but no. And we were even wearing matching pink! I guess I'll just watch old reruns of Sex and the City and fantasize myself to sleep.

-D-



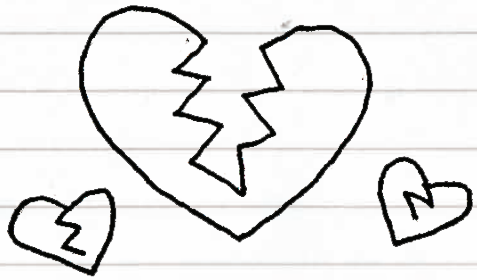
9/17/08

Dear Diary,

She tried to make up for ignoring me by spending some quality time together today. But it just wasn't the same. I knew right away that she was faking that last orgasm. How could this be? Is it my fault? She's never faked before, not even that time on the bus when she had a cold. Maybe...no. No. It couldn't be. Is there...?

10/06/08

Someone else. That's why she's been so cold and dry. There's someone else. She hasn't said anything, but I can tell. Staying out late, frequent sighing, crotchless panties. That all used to be for me. And yet I haven't been touched by my glorious angel since that horrible September night. I feel so bare without her around me. What can I do?
-D-



11/01/08

What is this pain that pierces me like a vigorous member piercing a hymen? It's over. She says I'm not real enough for her, that I'm in this fantasy world she can't be a part of anymore. She's right: I'm a failure. How can I compare to the real thing? All I do is vibrate. Oh my sweet, sweet girl, I love you so much it hurts my pink body to see you go. No one could fit me like your vagina does. The darkness is all around me, so alien without its usual smooth comfort. And now, nothing matters.

* * *

She returned to her dorm room after class, whistling the latest Britney Spears song. As she opened the door, she sensed something was wrong within. Stepping in, she gasped in horror at the sight of her once favorite dildo on the floor, its dead, useless batteries strewn about her cheap rug. "Well, fuck that," she said after a moment, picking up the pieces and throwing them in the garbage. "It was only a hand-me-down anyway."

How to Fight Off a Ravenous Pack of Drunken Otters with Only a Pair of Waders and a Rubber Duck

By Peter Eldred

I want you to close your eyes for a moment and imagine the following scenario. It's just past 2 A.M. and you're on your way home from the liquor store across town. You've got a case of beer in one hand and a fifth of whiskey in the other and you're hurrying back to your apartment as fast as possible because you've left a dozen drunk friends in your living room with five beers and the ass end of some Bacardi, and if you don't get back soon there'll be a broken lamp and some questionable stains on the carpet in the bedroom to greet you. To save some time you cut through the shady back alley off of Fifth Street. Then suddenly as you're halfway down the way you hear a high pitched growl. You know this growl. You haven't heard it since you were five years old and visiting SeaWorld with your Aunt and her "special friend" Pastor John, but still it sticks in your mind and haunts your dreams. It's the roar of the mighty sea otter.

You turn around and there they are, not six feet in front of you. You count. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Seven sea otters slipping silently towards you. *Shit, I'm stupid*. The otter bar is just around the corner and last call was ten minutes ago. Drunk and looking for a fight, these little aquatic thugs mean business. What do you do in this situation? Try to run? You can't outrun the otters. Hold your ground? They've got broken bottles and outnumber you. This is a clear case of being up shit creek without a paddle and surrounded by vicious drunken sea otters that want to take your beer and your money and beat you senseless and leave you for dead in a back-alley behind the otter bar that sells drugs on the side and has connections to organized walrus crime. I don't think a case gets any clearer than this one.

What's that you say? Sounds improbable? There are no otter bars in my city? I don't think otter bars even exist? What the hell kind of crime do walruses organize? Why don't you just kick the otter? What kind of beer do otters like? Why would a cute fella like the one seen on the left want to steal my beer and my money? Why am I asking so many fucking rhetorical questions? Can an otter really outrun me? Where does the rubber duck come into play?

The answers? Fuck you. We'll see how many questions you've got when a half-dozen otters with empty bottles of Bud Light advance upon you behind an otter bar at two in the morning. Actually, you'll probably have a hell of a lot of questions, but you won't have time to answer them because you'll have to think fast. The simple fact is that the best, and perhaps only, way to fend off an otter attack is to be prepared.

How do you prepare for what may be the cutest mugging ever? Go to Cabela's. Buy a pair of waders. Go to your bathroom. Grab a rubber ducky. If you don't have a rubber ducky in your bathroom, shame on you. How do you entertain yourself while bathing? Think before answering that. Does it have a happy ending? In that case you do have a rubber ducky. Stop being selfish and give it up for the cause. It may be your ducky or your life one day.

You will need to have these items on you at all times for when and if the time comes. Wear your waders proudly. When ridiculed, just remind yourself who's going to survive next time the otters get rowdy. Plus, waders are hot. If you've worn them for a week without getting laid, the girls in your area obviously don't know what a good time is.

So about now you're probably thinking, "Why am I listening to this asshole?"

What you should be thinking is, "I kind of get the waders…maybe…but what the hell do I do with this rubber ducky when the otters attack?"

The answer, to be honest, is that I don't have a damn clue.

Try throwing it.

Or maybe you just shouldn't hang out around otter bars at night.

Unless, of course, the waders really are getting you laid, in which case I'd recommend just hanging on to the ducky and provoking a few otters next time you're out with your girl to see what happens.

Seriously, though. Watch out for walruses. Fuckers are like Tony Soprano.

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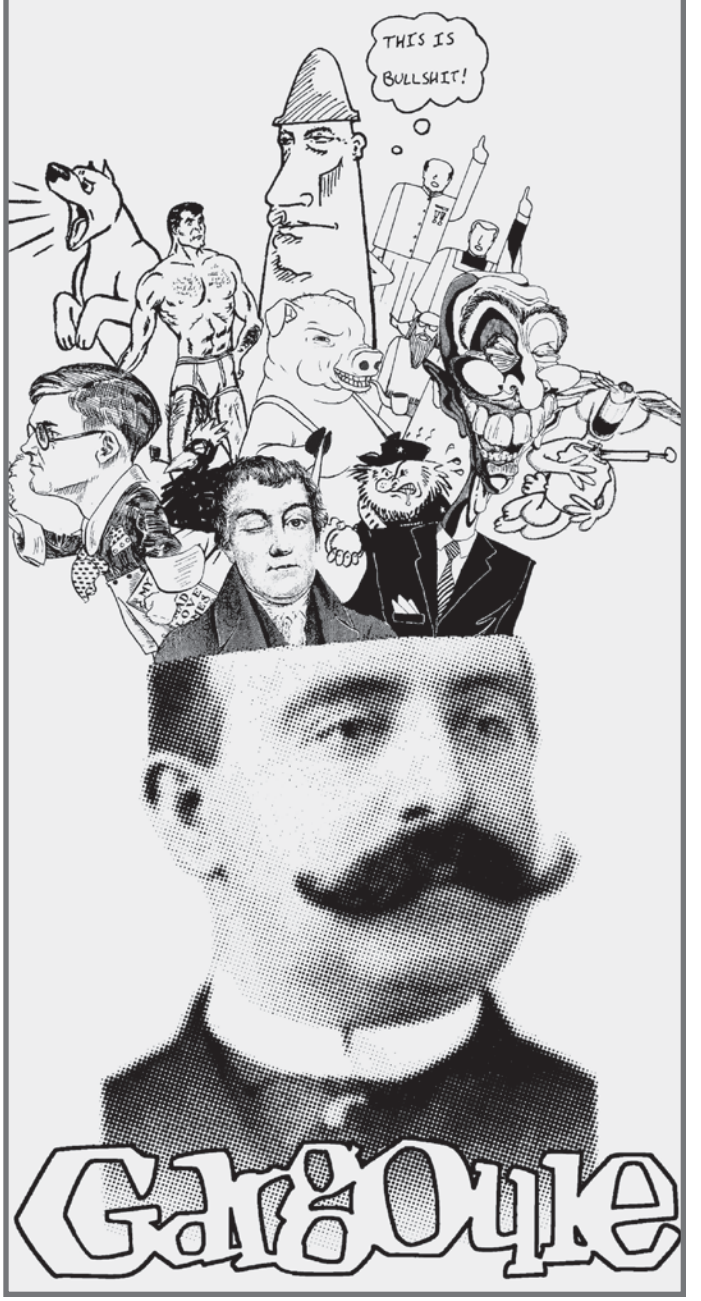
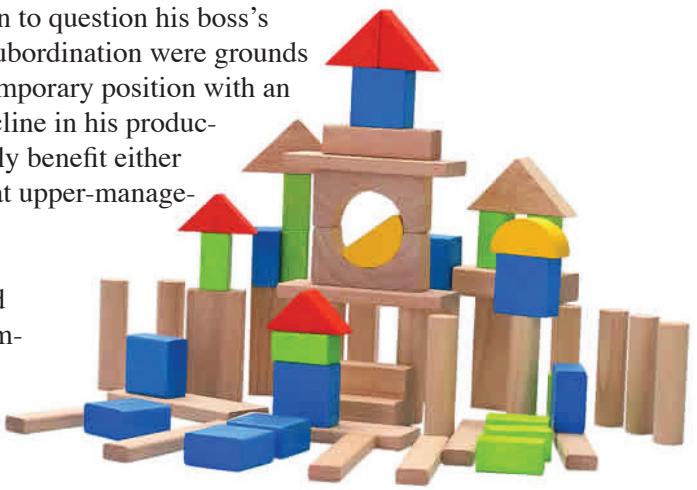


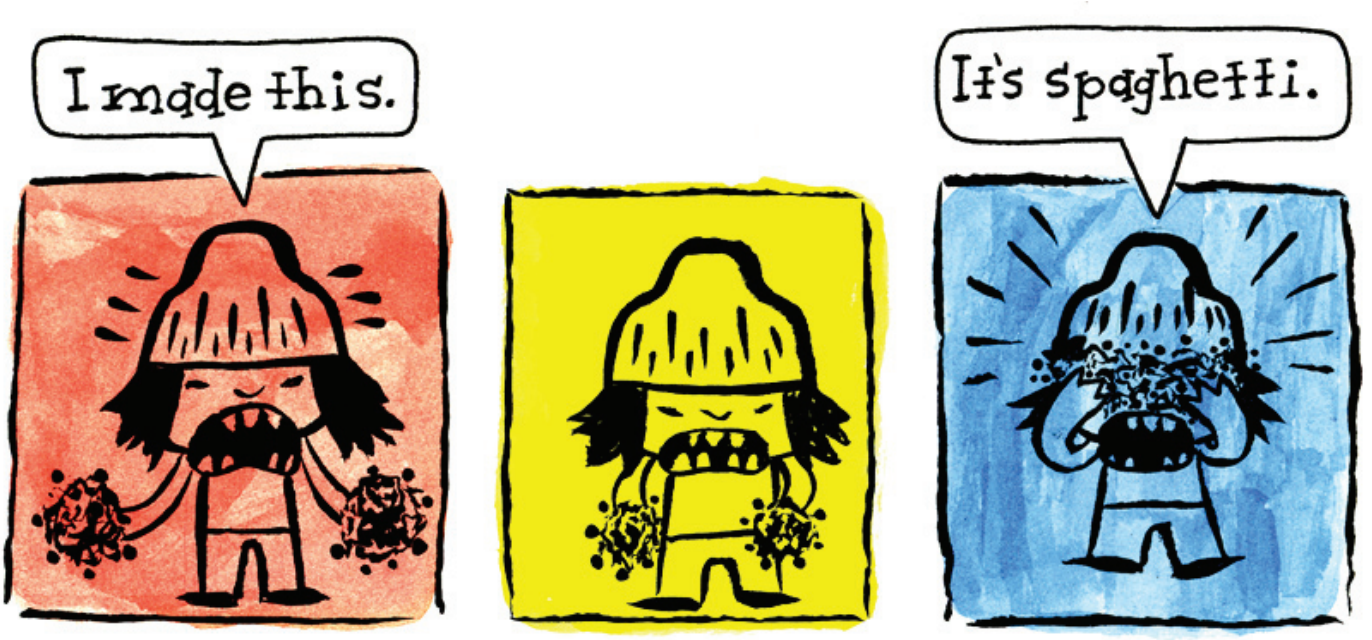
An Absurd Task

By Stuart VandenBrink

The task sounded absurd to Bradley, but he knew better than to question his boss's judgment. Any implications that could point to premeditated insubordination were grounds for what he considered excessive punishment. Relegation to a temporary position with an absence of supplies and networking guaranteed a precipitous decline in his productivity, which was certainly a step backwards that couldn't possibly benefit either party. But the assigned project was really just a waste of time that upper-management called "Progressive Spatial Allocation."



Weighing the options of conformance and independence, Bradley heeded the commands of his higher ups and commenced the aforementioned task. With a sigh of apathy, he selected a crimson square from a supply of other geometrically shaped blocks, and navigated it through a hole with corresponding dimensions. Preschool was going to be a drag.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It's spaghetti.

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Zack Beauvais'

Fall Style Primer

As a child, I had this idea of the collegiate look. I can remember a particular instance, in first or second grade: I was wearing a red sweater vest with blue trim and I was paid the compliment that I "looked like a college-man." That compliment stuck with me and the collegiate look became my epitome of style. Nineteen-fifties Princetonian "big man on campus" was the absolute best look any man could hope for.

In the ensuing fifty or so years, saddle shoes were replaced by Nikes, hook button wool replaced by North Face fleece, and every-day striped ties replaced by logo tees and hoodies. That change has its advantages, but the absence of a unified collegiate fashion makes it decidedly harder for a student to dress with style. As a self-proclaimed snappy dresser, I will give you all a few tips on how to look your best this fall and throughout your college career.

Why be yourself? There is no reason to limit your tastes to what you were born with. Take whatever style you can pull off, whether it fits your personality or not, and wear the hell out of it. If you do this long enough, your personality may change with it and it will all fit together into a beautifully wrapped package members of the opposite sex will be tempted to open. Your true self is not that interesting. Our society places too much emphasis on self and too little on superficiality. In a perfect world, if you look good—as a rule—people should like you.

Have style in everything you do. Show it in what you eat and drink, the movies you watch, and the books you read. There are few things as unsettling as seeing an Ambrosia Café hipster drinking McDonald's coffee. There are some looks that do not carry everywhere you may go. Either change your look to keep frequenting those establishments or take the high road and avoid them all together. Also, choose certain signature items that people will recognize you for. These items can range from a pair of horn-rimmed glasses to an unlit cigarette. The easiest way to do this is to choose a personal drink of choice—something exotic but not too pretentious.

Set a theme for every day. Some days I wake up with an urge to bro out and just need to wear my seersucker shorts, polo shirt, and 59-50 baseball cap. Whatever character you portray, do it 100%. If you go half-ass with a look, you will not pull it off and will be made fun of behind your back. You have to wear the hell out of a look for it to work. The most important thing in any fashion is confidence. If you are nervous about making a scene or standing out, you will never reach the strata of cool that you desire. If confidence were not an issue, I would probably dress in a vintage suit every day of the week, but confidence matters and I end up wearing jeans and an oxford. If you are not ready to go through with a character look, do not. Wait and build up your confidence till you can pull it off.

Identify your faux pas. To obtain good taste in clothes, food, drink, movies, books, or anything for that matter, you must know what is bad. Everyone makes mistakes in fashion, and for these sins we are duly punished. It is of the utmost importance that one knows when he or she is making a faux pas. Some days, normally when running low on clean laundry, each of us makes the decision to wear something wrong. This is okay as long as the violator knows it is wrong. Force yourself to live the entire day with your mistake. You will feel those ill-fitting jeans burning you with shame. You will never commit that same mistake again. To avoid a faux pas in the first place, I recommend thinking about fashion during your spare time. Men, read the "Style Guy" column in *GQ*. Women, you naturally know these things, so be snarky and point out the mistakes of your peers.

If an outfit or a look that you want does not exist, invent it. I invented the four-piece suit and the m'ess (male dress) for a new take on formal wear. I was tired of my two—and three—piece options in suits and felt that a second vest would be a good addition. And why should we all just accept the fact that there is no masculine equivalent to the dress? There is a female equivalent to every piece of men's clothing, but the converse is not true. I designed both of those outfits, bought fabric and had them tailored to my specifications. Wearing a corset and men's cut hoop skirt m'ess was brave. It may not be the next big thing, but at least I gave it a try. For the sake of the world style repertoire, identify some gap in the fashions available to you and fill it.

Know what you look good in, what you want to look good in, and what you absolutely cannot pull off. Identify your favorite outfits, the ones that win you the most compliments, and buy clothes to match them. Variations on a good thing can be just as good in moderation. Set goals for where you want your personal style to go. It takes a while to build up a unified wardrobe—define your style piece by piece. More than peace in the Middle East or an end to urban poverty, I want to be able to wear the casual blazer. Every few years I try, and every few years I fail miserably. Some men can wear it and look damn good; I regret to say that I am not one of those men. If there is something you cannot pull off, identify it and avoid it like the plague.

Shop vintage. A note to the frat-boys: You will have your entire life to overspend on polos and khakis. College is the only time when you can buy a blue fisherman-knit sweater, bright orange disco pants, and a pair of plaid Chuck Taylors for a total of five dollars, wear them together, and look damn fine. No one will think you're homeless, and as an added benefit you do not have to worry about brand names when your shirt is older than you. Vintage stores and thrift shops are a source of very cheap and often very profound clothes. Everyone should own one or two solid vintage outfits. The Getup and Star Vintage on State Street are good sources, but a little bit overpriced. I recommend the Kiwanis Club weekend sale on First St. and the Ann Arbor APO Thrift Shop as your best options.

Don't wear only jeans. Try some variety, especially guys. Wearing blue jeans every day of the week is so unimaginative. We all know you look fine in a pair of jeans, but give something else a try. Buy a few pairs of corduroys, chinos, or even tweed slacks. You will be glad you did.

Identify developing trends in fashion. Be ahead of the curve and start predicting what will come next. From what I have seen around campus this year, here are a few upcoming trends:

Cowboy(broad): Little accents can make this look. Wear ultra-tight boot cut blue jeans and western rodeo shirts. Buy a pair of cowboy boots; you never know when they will come in handy. This look is old fashioned, but can be very hip if you put a little effort in to it. Stick with traditional cowboy sources of clothes, not popular brand replicas. Shop at Tractor Supply Company and, if you must, Arizona Saddle Company.

Voodoo Priest(ess): Mix black with very vibrant colors, wear dashikis, and quit clipping your nails. Outfit yourself at that one store on Liberty that has all the African and voodoo looking stuff.

High Powered Lawyer (Secretary): Watch *Law and Order* and copy the defense attorneys. This works best for interview days and career fairs. Don't be that asshole who wears a suit when one is clearly not necessary, but don't be afraid to wear a suit when one is appropriate. Finding stylish urban business wear can be a difficult endeavor on a college budget. To avoid this, I recommend buying one really quality suit. It will be worth it.

Southern Dandy (Belle): I am not sure how well this one translates to fall and winter. It is definitely a look better-suited (pun intended) to warm months, but it is a great theme for Indian summer. Look through pictures from early twentieth century Kentucky Derbies, watch *Gone with the Wind*, and buy white pants. Drink mint juleps and start talking with an accent. You are going to have to go to Dominic's Boutique in Savannah, Georgia to purchase clothes for this look.

Big City Cool(Coolette): Start doing heroin and dress like Lou Reed. Buy one pair of clothes and never change. Quit eating, start smoking, start drinking, drop out of school, start a band, get kicked out of the band, date a model, live in a basement, get kicked out of the basement, and take a menial job to finance your lifestyle. You could buy this outfit at American Apparel or Urban Outfitters, but that would defeat the purpose.

Lumberjack (Jane): buy as many Al Borelin-style flannel shirts and wide white suspenders as you can get your hands on. I recommend Fingerle Lumber and Sam's Store as your official outfitters. Watch campus this fall. It will soon be upholstered in flannel.

Advertise with the Gargoyle!

(Look what Mr. Spot's had to say!)

"Don't ever fucking call here again."

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[Actual quote from a representative of Mr. Spot's]

Third-Party Failures: 2008 Edition

by Dylan Box

Ralph Nader (Independent)

Slogan: "Whoablyagah!"
Elections Ruined: Six
Political Experience: After destroying the Egyptian civilization, Roman empire, and Kal's Carpet Kingdom, Nader hopes to go for a new level of crushing the hopes and dreams of an entire society.
Why is Nader running independent? The Green Party figured they should let someone else fail for a chance.
Likes: Warm blood
Dislikes: Salty foods

Corey "Cute Baby In Uncle Sam Hat" Jefferson (Google Search Party)

Slogan: "Ba-ba."
His Rise to Fame: After Cody's mother, Angela Jefferson, uploaded the adorable picture to her Photobucket account, there was no stopping his political career. From a few hits a day to full-blown flash video candidate mash-ups, Corey had become a star. In his acceptance speech, Corey wowed the nation by pooping himself on national TV.
Corey's Positions: "No" to nap time, "yes" to breast-feeding, and "yes" to the further examination and teething of shiny things in his face.
Scandals: Questions arose when a similar photo of Corey with a diaper on his head was posted on the Internet. Many began to insinuate that Corey might be a Muslim.

Cthulhu (Abyssal Coalition Party)

Slogan: "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."
Cabinet: The souls of the eternally damned and Ann Coulter
Speech Writer: H.P. Lovecraft
Hit Die: 12d8
Position on the Environment: "The air will scream of a hundred thousand cursed spirits, and the ground will run red with the blood of my enemies. Also, I am in complete support of nuclear power."

Robert Garrison (New Lincoln Progressive Party)

Slogan: "..."
Back Story: In a daring move, the New Lincoln Progressive Party nominated the nation's very first dead candidate. Recently exhumed, Garret is now 265 years old, making him the second oldest candidate in the race, behind John McCain, who has yet to be carbon-dated.
Platform: Rotting, decomposing, smelling like death
Past Votes: George Washington (for President), Three-Fifth's Compromise (Against)

Tales from the Hoist Bar

By Zack Beauvais and Cathy Fisher
Special Thanks to Max Eddy

Driving down Route 80, six miles out of Roscoe you'll find a little run-down bar a place reeking of stale beer and ennui. If the moon is waning gibbous and the wind is right, inside you might find a group of hard men, working men. Their eyes are haunted and dark and when they catch sight of you, they lower their voices and turn away. These men are hoisters, and their lives are as macabre, mysterious, and lonesome as they come. But if you sit at the bar and stay quiet, you might chance to hear a tale…from the Hoist Bar.

The Story of the Velvet Box

I snapped awake in the cab of my hoist truck to the sound of my dispatcher's voice over the radio. It was night; I don't know how late. For a moment I thought I remembered how I got there, what I did before I fell asleep, who I was and what I did before this, but it slipped away like a fleeting dream. I groaned and rubbed my head, groping for the radio.

"Yeah?" I croaked. I was hung over. I couldn't remember the last time I hadn't been hung over.

"You fall asleep on me?" the Dispatcher barked. I'd never met him, or if I had, I didn't remember it. "I got a job for you."

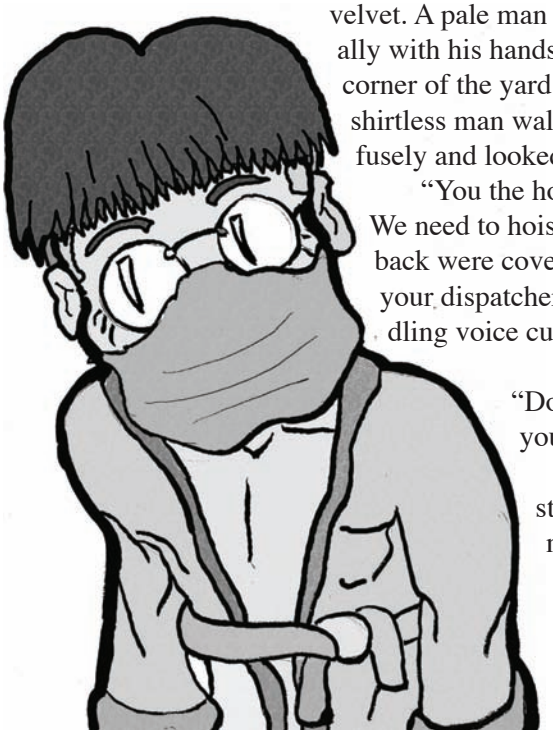
"Yeah," I grunted and set my jaw grimly as I turned the key in the ignition. "I'm on it."

Three hours later, my headlights guided me down a narrow dirt road leading up to a sprawling, decrepit nineteenth century manor house. I didn't see any lights on in the front, but I parked my hoist truck and walked up to the front porch. A small boy sat on the stoop in a torn pair of oil-stained pajamas, methodically cleaning a revolver.

"Hey kid, you got a pa I can talk to?" I asked him hesitantly as he finished reassembling the gun and looked down its sights at me. He shook his head with a gap-toothed, malicious smile as he placed the gun next to three others on a dirty cloth spread out next to him.

"Well, can you tell someone the hoister's here?" The boy jerked his thumb towards the back of the house and he started disassembling another gun.

I walked around the back, now aware of the sounds of a raucous party emanating from the basement of the house. The backyard was lit by a set of flood lights and the brown, trampled lawn was littered with half-buried, rusted children's toys. Dominating the center of the yard was a gigantic black box covered in what appeared to be black velvet. A pale man with a bowl cut wearing only a bathrobe and a surgical mask stood casually with his hands on his hips, watching the scene silently. The door to a shed in the back corner of the yard flew open, letting out the sound of crackling voices on a HAM radio. A shirtless man walked out and, catching sight of me, approached. He was sweating profusely and looked like he'd been doing hard work.

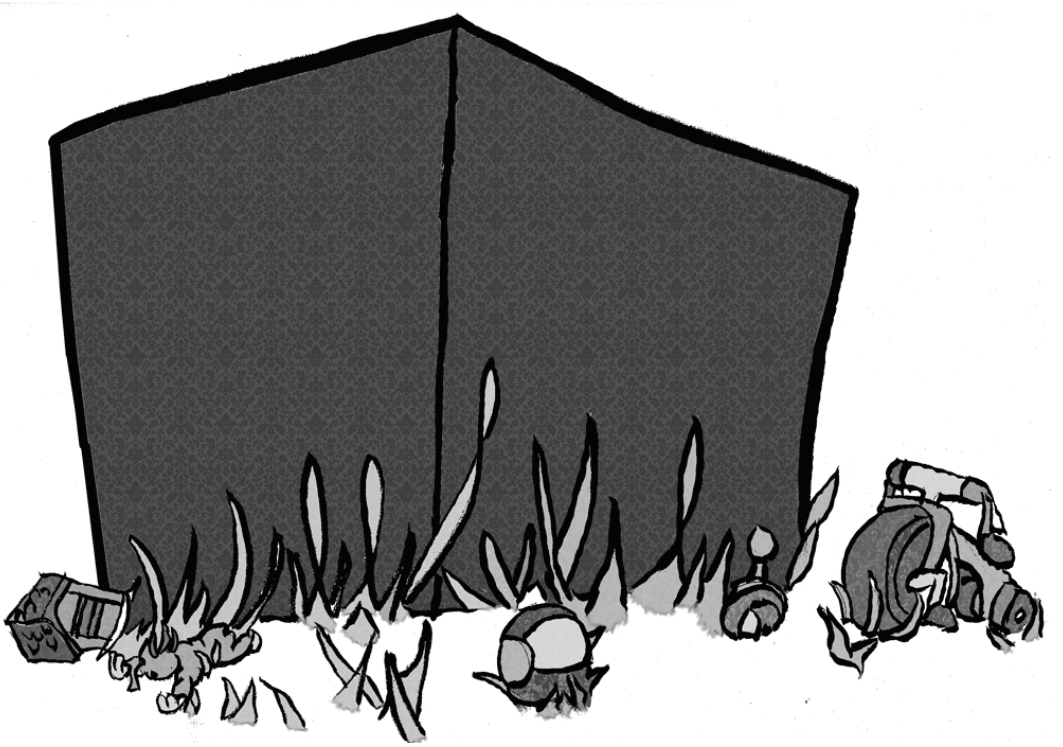


"You the hoister?" He wiped his brow with the back of his hand. I nodded. "Good. We need to hoist that box." The sweat rolled down his pudgy, round gut. His chest and back were covered with a wet blanket of curled black hairs—it was intimidating. "Did your dispatcher tell you the agreed-upon rate?" Before I could respond, a lymph-curdling voice cut the night air.

"What? No!" A muffled shriek sounded from inside the black box. "Don't hoist me! No! Please! Don't hoist me! You can't hoist me, whatever you do, don't hoist me!"

Following my startled look at the box, the shirtless man, flustered, struggled to maintain his composure. Before he could get back to business, the man with the bowl cut smirked and slithered over to me. He leaned over, temporarily removing the surgical mask, and said over the pleading screams from inside the box, "It's velvet on the inside as well."

That was the only time I heard him speak—and through my fuzzy memory of the night I can't be sure he didn't just will his words into existence.



Once the terms of the hoist were established, I began to walk back around the house to move my rig. I nearly ran into a very prominent senator, whose name I am not at liberty to disclose, shaking as he began to argue with the sweating shirtless manager of the house. A suit jacket and dress shirt were draped over one arm, and he wore a wife beater that reeked of formaldehyde and suspenders down at his side. I couldn't make out much of the argument, but the sweating man cried a single tear as he struck the senator across the face and asked him to leave. I continued on to my rig.

The incessant screaming got louder and louder as the man in the box could undoubtedly feel the ground tremble under the wheels of my truck.

"You aren't going to hoist me, are you? Don't hoist me! For the love of God, you can't hoist me!" I put the truck in reverse: Beep, beep, beep. His yells became louder; he knew I was there—he knew I had a job to do. I got my rig in position and stepped out of the cab. I could hear sobs and the sound of fists flailing against damp velvet from within the box.

The cellar door opened with a loud bang, like the sound of a snare drum falling off its stand. Unnaturally bright light, cigarette smoke, and a four-piece rock and roll band poured out. The band members were wearing matching soggy, harvest-gold, ruffled tuxedos. All but the bass player had their floppy bowties undone and their shirts unbuttoned. I think one of them might have been Greg Allman.

While setting the necessary chains in preparation for the hoist, I overheard the guitarist nervously confront the shirtless man: "No, man, no! We can't do this shit anymore. It's too weird. I am not going back down there."

Angered, but characteristically businesslike, the shirtless man responded, "Fine. Go. But you only get half of the fifty thousand." It would be a lie to say that was the only greasy brown paper bag of freshly minted cash I saw exchange hands that night.

When I'd set the final support stay, a woman came out of the cellar and headed straight for the box. She was wearing a torn silk negligee, black velvet slippers, and was smoking a Virginia Slim 100. Her hair had clearly been crimped since its last washing but had not been attended to in days. She knelt down on the lawn where dew was beginning to collect, and tapped the wall of the box.

"Cesar, it's me, Mama."

"Mama? Mama, you can't let them hoist me!"

"Cesar, it's for your own damn good, boy! You know what you did."

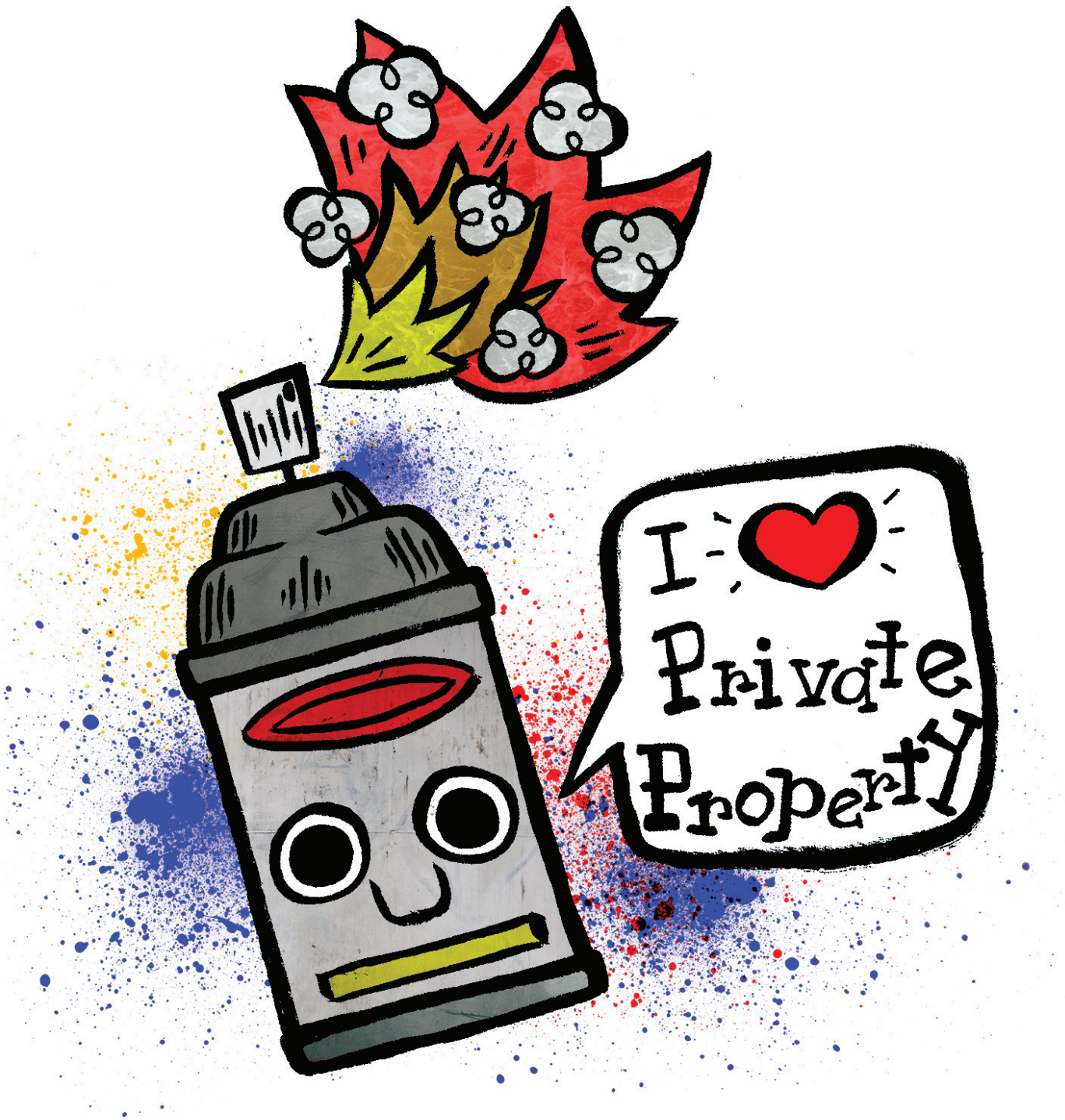
"But Mama, you can't let them hoist me. I don't want to be hoisted! I'm afraid! Don't let them hoist me. No, no, Mama!"

"I am sorry, son, you need to be hoisted!"

"Mama, Mama, don't let them hoist me!"

Sensing the time for his hoisting was nigh, the man in the box began to plead with me. "Please, gentle hoister. If you have any decency, any scrap of mercy, if there is a loving God in Heaven, you won't hoist me!"

There may be a God in heaven, I thought darkly, but God has never sat behind the wheel of a hoist truck. There are matters on this Earth greater than good and evil. When I took my oath and became a man of the hoist I renounced any conscience that I ever might have had. All that mattered now was the job. In the end, I did what I had been dispatched to do.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